

"I shall propose that all the lilies be sent to Miss Phoebe Barlow when the exercises are over."

And they were. That is how Miss Phoebe had such a flowery Easter day.

"It was a true Easter; it seemed like a resurrection of the past," Miss Phoebe always said when she told about it. "And it was all due to Rose Taylor," she never failed to add.—Herald and Presbyterian.

### EASTER.

Again the old, old story,  
And yet as new today  
As on that Easter morning  
Two thousand years away.

Again the earth repeateth  
The secret of the tomb,  
Uprising blade and flower  
Break through its chill and gloom.

Come, children, lift your voices  
And sing your happiest lays,  
For Easter is the gladdest  
Of all the spring-time days.

### HUGH'S EASTER OFFERING.

By Emily S. Windsor.

When Miss Cullen spoke to her Sabbath-school class about their Easter offering, she said:

"You know we are trying to pay the debt on our church, and we must try to have a large offering for our class. But I want what each of you gives to be the result of some self-denial or something which you have earned yourself."

All the boys were devoted to Miss Cullen and they promised they would try hard to have a fine offering.

They were talking it over a few days later when they met to play in the carriage house at Otto Lane's home.

"What are you all going to do?" asked Tom Bellows. "Father is going to pay me fifty cents a week to help down at his store."

"I'm going to save nearly all the spending money that grandpa gives me," said Ben Miller.

Otto said: "I am going to save most of my spending money, too."

Another boy said: "Mother is going to pay me to keep the back yard in order."

Hugh Allen thought that he was the only one who had not some plan in view; but as he was going home from Otto's he found that he was not. Will Brent was walking his way.

He asked: "What are you going to do for the offering, Hugh? I don't believe that I can have one. I never have any spending money, and I know the folks at home can't afford to pay me for working about the place."

"I don't know yet," replied Hugh.

Hugh did not know any better during the days that followed. Since the death of his father, two years before, money had not been plentiful at his home.

"I guess I'll have to give up the thought of helping," he thought. "I've been to ever so many stores to see if I could run errands for them or something, but no

one wants me. I'll not say anything about it to mother; it'll only worry her."

At Sunday school next Sunday all the boys were eager to tell Miss Cullen what a splendid offering they expected to have—all except Hugh and Will Brent.

"I believe I'll try some more stores to see if they want an errand boy," thought Hugh that week. He did so, but without success.

He was walking home the next Saturday morning from an errand for his mother. As he was going along High street a florist's wagon, filled with plants, was just stopping in front of a large house. The driver jumped down.

"Here, sonny," he called out, "don't you want to earn a bit of money? Just come and help me carry these plants into this house."

"Yes, I'll help you."

"You begin with the small pots. Be careful not to break any."

When the plants had been carried to a conservatory at the rear of the house, and arranged on shelves awaiting them, the man said

"You work very well. How old are you?"

"Eleven, sir," answered Hugh.

"You are pretty stout for your age. Now I want a boy to help me about my greenhouses an hour or so every day. The boy I had has moved away. I suppose you go to school? Well, you can come after it is out. I'll pay you a fair price. You ask your mother about it."

"My mother will let me, I know," he answered, eagerly.

"All right."

Hugh found his work pleasant. And he was very proud when he received his first week's pay.

"I'll have as big an offering as any one," he reflected.

One afternoon he met Will Brent. "I'll have a fine offering," he said proudly.

"I'll not have a cent," said Will gloomily. "I can't find anything to do."

"That's too bad," returned Hugh, as he ran on.

Somehow he could not help thinking about Will all the time he was at work. An idea came to his mind.

"But, of course, I can't do it. I want a big offering—I want as big a one as the others have."

But the idea would not leave him. "Of course, it will be pretty hard for Will when the rest of us are handing in our money. He won't have any."

He met Will the next day. "See here, Will, how would you like to help me, and we'll share the money? You will have a good little bit of Easter. There are four weeks yet. I know the florist will be willing; he's an awfully nice man."

"O, Hugh! May I?"

"Come on with me, now," returned Hugh. When, on Easter day, Miss Cullen said, "I am proud of my boys," Hugh felt very happy. His offering was not as large as some of the others, but Miss Cullen had said, "You have all done your best, and it makes no difference that some of you have less than the others."